THE

OLD SERPENT's REPLY

TO THE

ELECTRICAL EEL.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

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Ainſi d'Adam la Compagne imbécile,
Dans ſon Jardin vivant ſans volupté,
Dis que du Diable elle eut un peu tâtè,
Devint charmante, éclaireè & ſubtile,
Telles que ſont les Femmes de nos jours
Sans appeller le Diable à leurs ſecours.

VOLTAIRE.

Suppoſe the SERPENT hum'd old Adam,
And tempted too his weak, young Madam,
To eat of fruit moſt evil :---
Yet in theſe days---the ladies can,
Deceive the very ſageſt man,
And do't without the Devil.

ANON.

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WHEN that the news arriv'd in Hell,
Old Belzebub began to ſwell------
An Eel from Surinam!
Shall he ſubvert my glorious fame?
For all that he can do---or claim,
I do not care---a d---n.

Shall I, who've ſhone for ages paſt,
Receive from a poor Eel this blaſt,
I, who have hum'd the world;
I, who led Eve to taſte the tree,
And mended Adam's pedigree,
Be in oblivion hurl'd?

No, to the churches of the globe,
To all the heroes of the robe,
Prieſts, Parſons, Biſhops, Clerks,
I will this great impoſtor ſhow,
And ev'ry pulpit ſhall allow
He has no ſtellar ſparks.

Who clear'd the ſight of Eden's Madam,
Who found the way to Heav'n for Adam;
Who cuckold * with the p---?

---

* It is ſaid by the Spaniards that all cuckolds go to Heaven; now this was kind in the Serpent to conſider the little inclination huſbands had to good works, and ſo he ſecured them a ſituation, in caſe they were too lazy to labour for it themſelves. This is named in Spaniſh, Un Don Diégo de Nóche. In this caſe, when we conſider Adam's ſituation, we muſt ſay with the Spaniard, Por éſſo es úno Cornúdo, porqué púrden mas dos que úno. A man muſt be a cuckold, for two to one are odds. So was his caſe; and by this fornication human nature was inoculated for the emolument of Dr. Rock, Dr. C---h---w, T---k---s, &c.

Elſe had the race been white and vain,
All had been Guelphs †, you'd ſeen no Cain,
Or viſage like Charles Fox.

Mortals, 'twas my electrick flaſh,
To me you owe the charcoal daſh,
I blackingballed the Jew:
Or you'd been rul'd by tiny things,
Such as at Court wear ſtars and ſtrings,
And make their bows at Kew.

I am the Serpent did trepan,
The buxom Eve from the firſt man,
And taught her joys of life:
Or elſe the marriage ſtate had been,
One pure, unclouded virtuous ſcene,
Devoid of jar and ſtrife.

---

† The faireſt family in the world, in point of complexion and character: what have the Jews and Gentiles loſt by the introduction of Cain; and what hath Mr. C. Fox gained?

At this he turn'd to Mrs. Sin *,
The picture of chaſte Lady G-----:
"Madam, you can declare,
"That all I've ſaid---you do believe,
"That I debauch'd fair Lady Eve;
"And Cain was my true heir."

Then from his folds erect he grew,
And ſuphur flames began to ſpew,
Like conjurors at wakes;
Whoſe mouths would ruin *Hartly's* † ſcheme,
And e'en defy his beſt tin'd beam,
Though fire did flame in flakes.

---

* Mr. John Milton, in his excelling poem of Paradiſe Loſt, thus deſcribes this handſome, filthy gentlewoman.

-------------Before the gates there ſat
On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd woman to the waiſt, and fair,
But ended foul in many a fold,
Voluminous and vaſt!

You have ſeen landladies in England anſwer ſuch deſcription, with comely faces and rotundity of voluminous fat.

† Mr. David Hartly, member for Hull, an ingenious, igneous gentleman, who with great labour and application hath contrived tin plates of ſo light and durable a quality, as to reſiſt the power of fire. He has ſet on fire a number of ſelf conſtructed houſes on Wimbleton Common, in which his Majeſty and Mr. Pinchbeck, and other men of ſcience, have been roaſted, without any bad effects, but came forth with their garments unſcorched, as pure as the three Jewiſh virtuoſi, who exhibited in the fiery furnace.

In liquid fire he roll'd about,
Like Boden * at ſome dogdays rout,
And ſtutter'd ſenſe and wit:
All Acheron † confeſs'd his rage,
Not Garrick's ‡ Richard on the ſtage,
So much alarm'd the *pit*.

The fiends all ſqueez'd into a nook,
And only dar'd aſkance to look,
As ſchool-boys eye ſweet buns;
But, had you ſeen each devil's ſquint,
They prov'd themſelves of patriot mint,
All Johnny § Wilkes's ſons.

---

[*] Mr. Boden, a man of ſingular bulk, virtue, honour, wit and honeſty, famous for ſtammering out good things.

[†] Acheron, a river of Hell.

[‡] When the hiſtrionick luminary did perform, his love ſoothed, and his rage ſurprized beyond all other little men.

[§] Though Mr. Wilkes has not a face, that Zeuxis would have made his Helen of Crotona from, yet he has a mind and a heart that would do honour to the firſt perſonages of nature.

Non Angelus, ſed Anglus ipſe fores.

Calms will ſucceed the felleſt ſtorms,
And lions will be mute as worms;
So when his wrath was ſpent,
Still he repos'd, unmov'd by guſt,
As men who've diſembogu'd their luſt,
Or Methodiſts in Lent.

Awhile in ſleep the Serpent lay,
All Hell enjoy'd the holy-day---
For ſuch repoſe was rare:
But when he wak'd, new vigour fluſh'd,
And to the chair of ſtate he ruſh'd,
Like * Townſend when Lord Mayor.

---

* When this wiſe piece of petulance was bated by Wilkes and the friends of England, he would fret and champ and paw the ground: one Horne, a prieſt of much ſedition, led him aſtray, and ſo ruined the cauſe of freedom and the people.

* High on a throne of burniſh'd ſtate
More bright than that of Ruſſia's Kate,
With coſtly di'monds pinn'd:
Or dizen'd Engliſh birth-day Earls,
Or black Kings hung with whiteſt pearls,
Or Nabobs † of the Ind.

‡ He from deſpair thus high uplifted,
Beyond all hope of e'er being ſhifted,
Now let his treaſon out;
Inſatiate as a wolf of Ruſſia,
And mad for war as th' King of Pruſſia,
Like Judd ‖ began to ſpout.

---

* High on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind :-------

I have made a ſort of parody on this, or rather traveſtie, I hope without offence to Satan or his readers.

The military, amorous amazon of the two Ruſſias--When you look on the portrait of Semiramis--you wiſh her for the companion. Not the Semiramis of Mr. Aſkcough--I would not place an Empreſs in ſuch company---or flatter her with ſuch a poet.

† We have had no conſtellations of late, that have blazed like the ſtars of the eaſtern hemiſphere. I wiſh Lord Pigot don't ſet---like ſtars that riſe no more. But there are no ſtellar luminaries, that the Scotch aurora-borealis don't deſtroy---it flaſhes on every horizon.

‡ He, meaning---L'Enfant malin quitient ſous ſon Empire
Le Genre humain, les anes, & les Dieux---

‖ Mr. Deputy Judd, a gentleman of the city, whoſe name always conveys to the mind, the idea of ſubtlety and wit, brightneſs and radiancy; he is celebrated for a penchant ſhowed him by a belle eſprit, at Henley upon Thames. He is eſteemed a great orator, and a ſingular genius.

" Angels

" Angels, and Miniſters of Grace!
" Ye Devils in or out of place,
" Attend my ſage oration:
" Sir Fletcher * Norton in his wig,
" Nor black braſs Croſby look'd ſo big,
" When pleading for the nation.

" Shall I---who have for ages ſhone
" The hero of this helliſh Throne,
" A blight of fame---now feel---
" Shall all my Serpent-virtue ſink,
" And ev'ry Devil calmly wink
" On this Electric Eel?"

No ſooner had he utter'd this,
But one infernal Serpent-hiſs,
Fill'd all the helliſh ſpace:

---

* Few men perhaps have been ſo celebrated for their delicacy of thinking and ſpeaking as this elegant and illuſtrious noble: unleſs Mr. Croſby, who, when Lord Mayor, united eaſe with grace on every ſwan-hopping expedition, to the univerſal admiration of every lady of the city.

So at the Play-houſe I have ſeen
An Author change blue, black, and green,
When hiſſing was his caſe.

The Serpent like Cameleon turn'd,
And with apparent vengeance burn'd,
Nor hardly held his ſtation:
But what's diſgrace on earth---below
Is the firſt compliment they ſhow,----
Hiſſing is approbation.

So have I ſeen the Commons' houſe,
So ſtill, you might have heard a mouſe,
When witty Barry * roſe:
When good Lord North, (who's † well I trow)
Would bite his lip, and beat his brow,
And wipe his Tory-noſe.

---

* Mr. Barry, perhaps is the ſevereſt and pleaſanteſt ſatiriſt that ever debated in the ſenate.---He ſeems to have ſtudied under the Phrygian Æſop---for he always winds up the debate, with a ſtriking fable, and not inferior to the orators of Athens.

† This good man had an attack of a new ſort, but the phyſicians ſaid it was a diſtemper of an American ſort.

But this---is wand'ring from the point,
Satan he ſhook in every joint,
But then it came from pleaſure.
All in one moment ſilent were,
The deadeſt ſilence---'twas from fear,
No hope had fiends of treaſure.

No ſecret ſervice-money * there,
No bribing for a Member's chair,
No punch at an election :
No, they were devils of a kind,
All of one wicked, curſed mind,
Nor knew like men defection,

---

* Secret ſervice-money, is money given to ſuch good men in the ſenate, whoſe conſciences are tender---to remove their nice ſcruples, when it is neceſſary to put on their winter boots, to wade with the miniſter through thick and thin, in the dirtieſt time of the ſeaſon.

No Card'nal Horne* could here perplex,
No Luttrell † ſtand for Middleſex---
And gut the bowel'd laws:
All were unanimous in ſin,
And when the Serpent did begin,
All own'd and prais'd the cauſe.

In unanimity there's merit,
If it is a rebellious ſpirit---
Even in mortal traſh.
So Franklin ‡ when he firſt deſign'd,
To free his friends---and human kind,
Gave them th' electrick flaſh.

---

[*] This prelate was ſo named, from a propenſity to card-playing.

[†] Since this gentleman made ſo bad a ſtand for this county, we hope he hath been more ſucceſsful in ſtanding for other counties of the ſame name; or elſe his reputation is very ill fob'd.

[‡] The celebrated republican---who is negociating with France on the part of America. A great philoſopher experimental and natural. But the Magi of England don't believe a word about it---though he invented a conductor to lead all fire from his own country into Britain---and which will in time deſtroy it---tho' Lord G--- G--- threatens to go over with a ſquadron of horſe---and ſubdue theſe head-ſtrong people. For my part I recommend it---for courage is much wanting--and it is a commodity that evaporates if not uſed. It is the ſmoak of the human ſoul---which goes out at the mouth or the tail.

Elated all received the ſtroke,
And off they threw the chafing yoke,
It darted through the ſoul:
Banners of freedom they unfurl'd,
Which ſpread around the weſtern world,
And chear'd the icy pole.

Now, devils---ſince we're of one mind,
And ye are candidly inclin'd
To hear, as well as feel;
Shall all my honours ſink in duſt,
Shall all my virtues run to ruſt,
In this Electrick Eel?

In many a wreath---did I not twine,
Around the tree of life divine,
And of its fruit too grapple;

Did I not win Eve's beauteous face,
Did I not damn the human race,
By giving her the apple? *

And has it not ſucceeded well,
Each gentle devil ſure can tell,
As well as mortal tripes;
For ſurely every moment ſince,
May every mortal man convince,
It gave the world the gripes,

That, that ye devils, was my ſtroke.
That, was your cunning Iſaac's joke---
Againſt the human make:

---

* Mr. Otway, who was ſuffocated by a hot bunn after long faſting---thus records this event.

Happy awhile in paradiſe ſhe lay,
But quickly woman long'd to go aſtray:
Some fooliſh new adventure needs muſt prove,
And the *firſt devil* ſhe ſaw, ſhe chang'd her love.
To his temptations lewdly ſhe inclin'd
Her ſoul, and for an *apple*---damn'd mankind.

If there's any faith in precedent or quotation, I think this puts it beyond a doubt.

And if the pippins virtues are
What the old gard'ner did declare,
Men's guts will ever ache.

Was it not I---young Paris led
To Menelaus' * lady's bed,
To pleaſe the wanton boy ?
And was it not that vig'rous ſtroke,
That all the Grecian patience broke,
And humbled mighty Troy ?

Did I not too convey the fop,
And place him upon Ida's † top,
To ſee, to feel---but huſh !

---

* Mrs. Helen --- a gentlewoman of ſtrong paſſions, and as difficult to rule as Mrs. B---- or Lady T---l---

† The judgment of Paris---this youth was no other than a Paris frizeur---and was to decide on the merits of the ladies hair. He ſaid Venus had the moſt bruſh---for ſhe had been lately under the doctor's hands for the ſmall-pox, and was obliged to have her hair cut ſhort---à la bruſe.

And did he not with rapture ſwear,
Venus was of the three---moſt fair,
And had the fineſt bruſh ?

Who loſt Marc * Anthony the world ?
Who from the throne Pompeia † hurl'd ?
What was Cleopatra's graſp ?
No longer to ſuch ſtories heel,
It was no ſmall Electrick Eel,
But my Elaſtick Aſp. ‡

---

* Marc Anthony, Eſq. a country gentleman of great fortune turned ſoldier---to get rid of a ſcold of a wife call'd Mrs. Fulvia---whom Mr. Cæſar, a colonel of the army, refuſed to kiſs.---But Tony of Rome gave up his time to a lewd Queen of Egypt---who was not only gypſy enough to tell him his fortune, but to ruin it, by way of proving her divination. A certain general now croſs the Atlantick leaves the army---and diſſolves himſelf in the bewitching company of a fair and beauteous miſtreſs---once celebrated for her elopement with an equeſtrian Peer; ſo that the army, as uſual, will be conquer'd by charms, and not by arms. It is an old method of ſubduing men, and a never failing one. Le monde bien perdu---et tout pour l'amour.

† Pompeia, the firſt wife of Julius Cæſar, Eſq. to whom one Mr. Claudius, a brazier of Rome, got to bed---and Cæſar repudiated his lady. Drs. Harris and Marriot can give all the particulars in the Commons of this adulterous caſe.

‡ It is ſaid, this extravagant *Cornellys* of the Nile, receiv'd the aſp, juſt before ſhe died---but whoſe aſp---hiſtorians have not yet determined. A circumſtance of this ſort fell out between Mr. Holland, comedian, and the innocent, and idiotical Mrs. Baddeley. When that worthy gentleman was in the laſt ſtage of the ſmall-pox, it was found neceſſary to comfort him with ſome bread and wine, which was declared to be the euchariſtic ceremony---and the lady hearing it; cried out---" For heav'ns ſake then " let me out of the room until it's over."

Who brought old Jove to Danœ's bed,
And gave her a gold cover-lid?
Was it an Eel did this?
The godhead there did not avail,
It was the Serpent in his tail,
That conquer'd wanton miſs.

Who fill'd the noble Philip's * dame,
With more than an immortal flame;
And pregnant made the bride?
I was the luſcious matron's pander,
'Twas I begot great Alexander,
For I---the god belied.

'Twas I that David Rizzio got,
To tune the beauteous royal Scot,
And fiddle round her bed:

---

* The mother of Alexander is ſaid to have been begotten by Jove in the form of a fiery ſerpent.

Or ſhe had reign'd with angels ſmiles,
The Queen of all theſe flowery iſles,
Nor loſt her ſilver head. *

Think ye---Elizabeth could feel
Or pleaſure with a wriggling Eel,
When ſhe for Eſſex ſigh'd:
The royal wench requir'd a King;
Had Eſſex worn Hans Carvel's ring,
The dotard ne'er had died.

I was the Hero of the ſport,
In Charles the Second's bawdy court,
Where wit, like flint and ſteel
Flaſh'd from the mouth of Wilmot lewd,
Who had a cure for ev'ry prude,
But---it was not an Eel.

---

* When the hapleſs Mary of Scotland was beheaded by her jealous ſiſter Queen of England, her hair when the executioner held up her head, was diſcerned to be white---not by years, but by ſorrow.

Peg Woffington of ſtanding fame,
For *** once confeſs'd a flame,
With lewd ideas big:
He came---he ſaw---he * overcame,
But while beneath ſhe own'd her flame,
She call'd the Eel---a † Grig.

Is there a wife of Britain's ſhore,
That would have wiſh'd the name of whore,
Had ſhe no other hope?
Our ladies ne'er had ta'en ſuch riggs,
Unleſs far better things than griggs:
Had tempted to elope.

---

* Veni---vidi---vici---were the words of Cæſar's letter on a victory---lovers have uſed them as emphatically, particularly when they overcame their opponent---and indeed overcame in Engliſh is far more comprehenſive, than vici. How far the hero of this ſtanza was like Cæſar, or unlike Cæſar, can only be determined by Mrs. G----.

† Mr. John Aſh, Doctor of Laws---ſays in his new dictionary, that a grigg "is a "ſmall eel---or any thing below the natural ſize."

Think ye that * Peterſham's gay dame,
Had ever cool'd her Cyprian flame,
With Grig---or Conger Eel?
No---it requires--- or *** lies,
Something of more important ſize,
To make the wanton feel.

What carried P***y croſs the main,
What made my Lady ſigh in vain,
But ſuch † Gymnotus thing?
F----r had never won her Grace,
Had this poor breed of Chevy-chaſe ‡
Lov'd kiſſing more than King.

---

* This amazonian Meſſalina had conceiv'd a paſſion for a certain Captain of the ton, with whom ſhe was at cards---and he having loſt a guinea to her, ſhe courteouſly return'd it to him again, which he gave back with a ſmile, ſaying, my Lady---that is not my price.

† A genus of fiſhes without or back or belly fins, which is a very natural deſcription of this very uncommon phœnomenon.

‡ When M‘Donald the celebrated Highland chief was in town, being an old warrior and a ſingular gallant fellow, it was a faſhion to have him at the houſes of all the nobility---among the reſt he paid his reſpects to the Earl of Northumberland, but as he was leaving the room---his Grace aſked him if he had ſeen Lord Percy---the chieftain anſwered no---Lord Percy being ſent for---and coming into the room---the Highlander ſurvey'd him with a fixed aſtoniſhment, then turning to his Grace, he ſaid---“ *In troth, your Grace, 'twas another kind of a chielde that ſlew the Douglaſs.*”

Had our ſweet Prince of C-------
To Groſvenor's quarters dar'd to ſtand,
(Who's known to love, not loth)
But 'twas the Eel that fail'd him there,
The Serpent had ſtood by the Fair,
And ſcorn'd the bible oath.

Ye Devils dear, ye all can tell,
That ever ſince I reign'd in Hell,
I've made it all my plan,
To drive theſe little grigs away,
That woman might enjoy the play,
And ſerpent part of man.

With me this maxim never fails,
I give to little dogs---long tails,
To * Hercules---a grig.

---

* None will diſpute this circumſtance, that have ſeen the moſt celebrated ſtatues of this god---for Hercules was ever drawn with ſmall diſtinctions

The Roman * Priapus can prove,
How much he won the Ladies love,
And tickled ev'ry gigg.

In this I never miſs my hit,
Unleſs I mean to ſpoil a wit,
Or make a fellow ſilly:
On cow-legs then I ſet him high,
To knock his head again the ſky,
Like Chom in Piccadilly.

At this, the Devils all burſt out,
In one tremendous, hollow ſhout,
And made Hell's conclave ring.
On earth---thus blackguards ſhow their glee,
And roar for Wilkes and Liberty,
Before---their † gruel K----

---

* Priapus was a god worſhipped with the moſt enthuſiaſtic zeal by maids and barren wives---the figure was made of braſs---and ſtood before the worſhippers with a lamp in the centre of the body.

† Gruel is an inſipid liquor, recommended by Doctors to dilute and cleanſe---it is made of Scotch oat-meal and blended with Engliſh water---'tis a drink that can do nor good or harm.

No Eel---no Eel---the Devils roar!
(It echo'd round the Stygian ſhore:)
When ſtiff the Serpent roſe;
Erect he rais'd his coral head;
Like Cheſterfield politely bred,
He never pick'd his * noſe.

Then to his hell-hounds thus he ſpoke,
“ Ye helliſh furies---I invoke!
“ I thank ye for this peal!----
“ It ſhows your ſenſe, it proves your truth,
“ For there's no girl---that loves a youth,
“ That wiſhes him---an Eel.”

Cetera deſideruntur.

† After Mr. Stanhope had attain'd the age of 18---and had finiſhed his ſtudies and travels---he came through Paris on his return to London. Where Lord Cheſterfield wrote to him to this purpoſe; viz. “ Now that you have compleated your ſtudies, and are a maſter of the claſſicks in Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spaniſh---and have attained every knowledge of the arts and ſciences---the Belles Lettres, and other high accompliſhments ---I muſt beg to remind you---that you may avoid an indecency practiſed by your countrymen---the picking of your noſe---it is a buſineſs that ſhould be always done when offerings are dropped to the Goddeſs Cloacina.